Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

JULIE GOLOSKY, mezzo soprano

assisted by

SYLVIA SHADICK-TAYLOR, pianist

with

MIRIAM LEWIS, violist

Saturday, March 6, 1993 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

PROGRAM

Over the Rim of the Moon (1919) — Michael Head (1900-1976)
- The Ships of Arcady
- My Beloved
- A Blackbird Singing
- Nocturn

Liebst du um Schönheit (1902) — Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder (1901)
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen (1901)
(from Rückert Lieder)

Die Nachtigall — Alban Berg (1885-1935)
Im Zimmer
Sommertage (from Sieben Frühe Lieder (1907)

INTERMISSION

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91 (1884) — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
- Gestillte Sehnsucht
- Geistliches Wiegenlied

Miriam Lewis, violist

Una voce poco fa (1782) — Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)
(from Il Barbiere di Siviglia)

Tell Me on a Sunday (1985) — Andrew Lloyd Webber

Something Wonderful (1951) — Richard Rogers

Julie Golosky is generously supported by the Edmonton Opera Guild Scholarship.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Liebst du um Schönheit/
If you Love for Beauty

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein goldnes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar!

Liebst du um Liebe, o ja - mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb ich immerdar!

If you love for beauty, O love not me!
Love the sun, she has golden hair!

If you love for youth, O love not me!
Love the spring who is young each year!

If you love for riches, O love not me!
Love the mermaid who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, love me!
Love me ever, I'll love you always!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder/
Look Not into My Songs

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat;
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen:
Deine Neugier ist Verrat.

Look not into my songs!
My eyes I lower,
as if caught doing wrong;
I cannot trust myself
to watch their growth:
your curiosity is treachery.

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reifen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allem nasche du!

Bees, when they build their cells,
let no one watch either,
and do not themselves.
When the full honey-combs
they bring to light of day,
then you can nibble!

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen/
Lost Am I to the World

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben;
sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Lost am I to the world,
with which I used to waste much time;
so long has it heard naught of me,
well may it think me dead!

Nor is it to me of consequence
if it should so consider me.
Nor can I say aught against it,
for truly I am dead to the world.

Texts and translations (continued)

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel
und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
in meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

Dead am I to the world's tumult
and rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
in my love and in my song.

Die Nachtigall/The Nightingale
Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
die ganze Nacht gesungen;
da sind von ihrem süssen Schall,
da sind in Hall und Wiederhall
die Rosen aufgesprungen.

That's why the nightingale
has sung the whole night;
there from its sweet sounds
there in sound and resonance
the roses sprang forth.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut;
nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut
und duldet still der Sonne Glut,
und weiss nich, was beginnen.

Yet she was otherwise a wild blood;
now she goes deeply in thought
carrying in her hand her summer hat
and enduring quietly the sun's warmth,
and knowing not what commences.

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
die ganze Nacht gesungen;
da sind von ihrem süssen Schall,
da sind in Hall und Wiederhall
die Rosen aufgesprungen.

That's why the nightingale
has sung the whole night;
there from its sweet sounds
there in sound and resonance
the roses sprang forth.

Im Zimmer/Indoors
Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still
herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
knistert in Ofenloch und loht.
So! Mein Kopf auf deinen Knien,
so ist mir gut.
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks into the room so
quietly.
A little red fire
is crackling in the fireplace.
So! My head on your knees,
so all is well with me.
When my eye rests in yours,
how softly the minutes pass.

Sommertage/Summer Days
Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit.
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.

Now the days float across the world
having been sent from blue eternity,
in the summer wind time scatters.

Nun windet nächtens der Herr Sternenkränze
mit seliger Hand über Wander-und
Wunderland.

At night the Lord, with his blessed hand,
wreaths stars over the world of wander-paths
and wonder-paths.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:

Oh heart, in these days, what can your
lightest song of travel say of your
deep, deep desires.

Texts and translations (continued)

Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,
nun schweigt das Wort,
wo Bild und Bild zu dir zieht
und dich ganz erfüllt.

In the songs of meadows the breast is silent,
then the word is silent,
where picture after picture comes to you
and completely fills you.

Gestillte Sehnsucht/Longing at Rest

In gold'nen Abendschein getauchet,
Wie feierlich die Wälder steh'n!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Dipped in golden evening glow,
How festive the woods are standing!
The evening breeze imparts soft longing
To the soft voices of birds.
What whisper the breezes, the birds?
They whisper the world into slumber.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenden Wünsche, wann schlaft
ihr ein?

Desires, which always bestir
The heart, without rest!
Longing, which moves the breast,
When do you rest, when do you sleep?
With the whispering of breezes, of birds,
When, you longing desires, do you finally
rest?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehnendem Block mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein,
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Ah, when my spirit ceases to hasten
Into golden horizons on fleeting dreams,
When my longing gaze ceases to dwell
on ever-distant stars;
Then the breezes, the birds will whisper
My life and its yearning to sleep.

Geistliches Wiegenlied/Cradle Song of the Virgin

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heiligen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You who float
Around these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Hush the treetops!
My Child is aslumber.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
In Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis' und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You palms of Bethlehem
Raging in the wind,
How can you howl
So angrily this day!
O, do not rage!
Be quiet, bend
Gently and softly;
Hush the treetops!
My Child is sleeping.

Texts and translations (continued)

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach, nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel,
Es schlummert mein Kind.

The Son of Heaven
Suffers hardship;
Ah, how tired He was
From the world's sorrow.
Ah, while He sleeps now
The torment melts
Gently, is softened;
Hush the treetops,
My Child is sleeping.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O, all' ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel,
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Fierce cold
Roars downward;
How can I cover
My little Child's limbs!
O, all you angels
Who wander on wings
In this wind,
Hush the treetops,
My Child is sleeping.

Una voce poco fa/A Voice a While Ago

Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuono,
il mio cor ferito è già,
e Lindoro fu che il piagò?
Si, Lindoro mio sarà,
lo giurai, la vincerò,
Il tutor ricuserò,
io l'ingegno aguzzerò,
alla fin s'accheterà,
e contenta io resterò.
Si, Lindoro mio sarà
lo giurae, la vincerò.

A voice a while ago
resounded here in my heart,
my heart is already wounded,
and Lindoro was who wounded it.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,
I swear it, I shall win.
My guardian will refuse,
I will sharpen my wits,
at the end he will quiet down,
and happy I shall be.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine,
I swear it, I shall win.

Io sono docile,
son' rispettosa,
sono obbediente,
dolce, amorosa,
mi lascio reggere,
mi fo guidar.
Ma, se mi toccano
dov'è il mio debole,
sarò una vipera, sarò,
e cento trappole prima di cedere
farò giocarl

I am docile,
I am respectful,
I am obedient,
sweet, loving.
Myself, I allow to be ruled,
I can be led.
But, if they touch
my weakness,
I will be a viper, I will be,
And I shall spring a hundred
traps before I give in!

Acknowledgements

I would just like to express my deep and sincere appreciation to my family and friends for their support and understanding during the past four years (I apologize for the various moods, ranging from lethargy, apathy and depression, to anxiousness, hysteria, rage and elation, not to mention those moments of intense hunger!).

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I would also like to say a special thank you to Dr. Christopher Lewis, who's brilliance, intelligence, dry wit, fudge and fashion sense I will never forget for as long as I live. I dedicate my Mahler set to his memory.